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LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

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THE LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

My First Disillusionment

By Arnold Isenberg '28

I was not always thus—a foul cynic sneering at the moon. There was a time, in the distant past, when sweet music might have moved me or the beauty of God's universe filled my soul with pleasure. But now, as my ninth birthday comes nearer and nearer, I find myself sinking deeper and deeper into the slough of despond, my already thickly crusted heart growing harder and harder, my mind taking more and more to itself. I have caught glimpses of myself in the mirror recently, and have been startled by the abandoned and lascivious expression on my face. This condition, I feel, is growing more pronounced every minute. Surely an hour ago I was not quite the desperate and immoral wretch I am now. And tomorrow? God only knows into what manner of man I shall have developed.

And to think that I am the very creature—none other—who only yesterday was disporting himself merrily on the green, carefree, irresponsible, unsoiled by worldly experience, the pride of his family and himself. Yesterday, did I say? I meant ages ago. Time is important only as it brings important events.

I hesitate to state the causes and circumstances of my disillusionment for fear of calling down upon myself the vile jeers of the sophisticates. Yes, it

was a woman. Let the fools laugh. For this was not one of your silly idylls, not one of your abortive affairs between moon-struck calves. She was no mere slip of a girl, but a woman of taste and sensibilities. Ours was a love among millions. Platonic? No, but as free from base passion and all but the greatest admiration, respect, feeling—in short, love.

I saw her first last Monday, a slim-faced girl of no more than seven and a half. There was something about her that distinguished her from the start—the tilt of her chin, perhaps, or her so eminently patrician nose. She was attired in the mode—white stockings, patent leather shoes, one of these iridescent semi-bonnets, a fluffy dress which began and ended nowhere. Picture Queen Mab, Mary Stuart, Portia, and Marguerite embodied in one person and you have Elizabeth Phelps. Beatrice, Laura, Lucasta, Mary Godwin, away! Elizabeth excelled them all. I could at that moment have sat down and written a rapturous sonnet about her, so sweet and pure did she appear. I might have noticed, had my mind's eye been open, the fickle expression in her eyes and the manner in which her tightly compressed lips revealed her selfishness. But who in the throes of instantaneous love stops to dissect and analyze the creature of his

devotion? I approached the apparition.

"Hullo," I said. (That is our informal way of introducing ourself.)

"Hello," she smiled sweetly. (The siren!)

For ten minutes we said nothing.

Then, "My name is Sydney White," I ventured. "I live in the white house across the street. My father owns a garage. It's the best garage around here, I bet. I'm the smartest boy in school."

"My name ith Elithabeth Phelpth," she reciprocated. She was not voluble—at first. But I drew out of her little by little the facts of her life. She lived in Elmira, New York, but was spending the summer at her aunt's house down the street. (Joy! The summer had more than a month to go!) Her father was a doctor. Her tastes in diet ran to whipped cream and sundaes and almonds and preserves, but her father insisted on prunes (ugh!) and spinach and cereals of every sort. She was a sophomore in primary school.

Fascinated as I still was by Elizabeth's beauty, I nevertheless proceeded to inquire into her mental processes; for, needless to say, physical charms could not hope to capture me unless they were allied to moral and mental excellence. With a view to determining her opinions on education, I asked her if she liked school. A great spring, it seemed, was loosed. She told about her thcool, how nithe it wath; how she liked Mith Thimpthon becauth she wath tho kind but hated Mith Hickth, who had wrinkleth; how the former read storieth about kingth and dragonth and shipth and little boyth and girlth; how Mith Hickth tried to make all the children thing ath she did (horrid old thing!); how the principal wath at leatht nine feet tall and had a finger ath big ath a window pole; how all the girlth that in the front of the room and all the boyth

in the back; how thtupid the boyth were and how Mith Thimpthon liked the girlth better; how they thaluted the flag in the morning and said, "Iplejaleejanth to my flag and to the Republic for which it thtandth; one nashon, free and invithible with liberty and juthteth for all," (which meant thomething delightful, she wath sure, and which she wath going to underthtand thome day); and how thith and how that.

Need I say how completely in accord with her views (excepting that silly idea about female superiority) I was? And need I describe the next three days, that period of unsullied bliss? We played at school, at house, at marbles, at garage, at doctor, at mother and son, at father and daughter, at goodness knows what else. She was an ideal playmate, not too imperious, not too submissive, not too abandoned, not too restrained. Three days we spent in blithe companionship.

Whatever made Perry Saunders come back from the seashore just when my cup of happiness was filled to overflowing, I can't imagine. I used to chum with Perry for hours at a time, but I could never stand the sight of him with his pompadour and his stiff collar and his fine airs. I am twice as brilliant as he in school, but the teacher always seems to be enamoured of him. He has the sleek manner and ingratiating ways that serve to put him over the heads of better men. And his self assurance is irritating to an extreme. His family returned home Thursday morning and in the afternoon he was already swaggering up and down the street. Elizabeth and I were telling pleasant lies to each other on the curb-stone in front of my house. Perry approached.

"We-e-e-ll, we-ell," he drawled, standing behind us and staring quizzically. "Sydney White is playing with a girl. Well, we-ll."

Elizabeth looked indignant. Ordin-

arily I should have responded with some clever remarks about his legs, which formed a parabola,—but today I felt somehow superior; so without a word I turned to my future wife (as I then thought), and said, "Some people can't mind their own business," indicating to Perry in the clearest possible way that he wasn't wanted. Accordingly he sat down beside us on the curb and engaged Elizabeth in conversation. Perry never has anything sensible to say, but he invariably says it in the wisest way imaginable. He talked and I talked and it seemed as though Elizabeth gave one and a half ears to him. I knew, of course, that she was leading him on, filling him with false hopes, that her heart was with me, but I wasn't very comfortable.

Early next morning—it was Friday, the day of my denouement—I called for Elizabeth. I had my new tricycle, my pride and joy, my hope and fear, my Mecca, Jerusalem, and Rome. She tripped out, as white and diminutive as ever. Then I took her up the street and let her watch while I and the tricycle whirled downhill, a veritable symphony of movement and grace. Again and again I strode up and sped down—just for her benefit, mind you, just so that she might have the pleasure of looking on and cheering me. I think it was at the end of my eleventh trip to the top of the hill that Elizabeth ran forward and said, "Now, give me a few turns."

Now, there was very little I wouldn't have done for that woman. But that bike was holy! It was my life and soul. Many were the sacred tears I had shed to get that bike. And now a girl wanted to use it! Clearly, it was a matter of

principle. It was *my* tricycle. I had as yet had only eleven rides on it that morning. The spring below the seat was very weak and might be broken unless one knew exactly how to sit on it. I didn't approve of the participation of females in the more robust sports anyhow. Much as I wanted to please her I said no. I had upheld my principles.

I explained all this to her. I showed her that more was at stake than a ride on a tricycle. She wouldn't listen to reason! She argued and pouted and fretted, but I was firm. Then there was a call from behind.

"Never mind him and his old bike, fair madame. You may away with me in my twentieth century Rolls Royce," and Perry Saunders drove up in the little two-seated thing that a Ford would have laughed at.

Then I thought, "What are principles when they stand in the way of making someone happy?"

And with a sweep of my hand I said, "All right, Liz, you can have one ride."

She deigned not to reply, but minced daintily over to Perry's contraption and stepped in. Away they rode.

I had sacrificed my principles in vain.

That was yesterday. Today begins a new period of my life. Henceforth, I am cynic Sidney the Sinner. My faith in mankind and womankind being destroyed, shall I put an end to my life? No, for I am no tea-drinking impressionable. Rather, to scorn the world and its foibles, to stand detached from the heat and friction and the pettiness of common souls and laugh aloud at vain man and fickle woman, shall be my aim.

Guess I'll go in and get an apple.



The Queen's Highway

By William E. Harrison '28

THE King is dead Long live the Queen!"

Thus was announced in 1837 the accession of Victoria to the throne of England in succession to her uncle William IV. And thus was begun the Victorian era.

To Thomas Horton the greatest change in sovereigns or in London itself would have meant little, as, indeed, that worthy took occasion to remark while he deftly and unobservedly snatched an apple from a nearby stall, keeping his eye "peeled" for a "Peeler."

"It's them 'Peelers' as makes life miserable for a gentleman o' parts. Now this 'ere new Majesty, a 'ooman wit a 'ooman's nosey ways, is sure to make it dangerous for a gentleman o' parts to appear on the King's—beggin' her Majesty's pardon—the Queen's Highway. Still I ain't got nothin' to complain 'bout, seein' as 'ow I be prosperin'."

Gentlemen o' parts, be it said, have never been and must never be tolerated in any age by any of the best people. They are highwaymen—robbers—banditti, and although they may be immortalized in picaresque verse, may go riding at midnight up to the old Inn door, and may even be so bold as to kiss Bess, the landlord's black-eyed daughter, they are certain occasionally to be shot, while engaged in the pursuit of their vocation, by the relentless guardians of the law. To such a class Thomas Horton belonged, and of such a class was he a representative rogue.

"Must foot it along," Horton soliloquized, "if I expects to 'ear anythin' said as is likely to excite my interest."

In and out of the streets of the old metropolis went Horton, picking a pocket here and snatching a lady's handbag and running there. Soon, afters having filled his pocket with shilling

thus secured, he drew near St. Paul's. He espied two gentlemen whom he judged, with his business eye, to be substantial merchants, men whose ships were, perhaps, even then plowing the high seas and aiding in maintaining England's position as mistress of the seas. Fit persons they would have been, in Horton's mind, to be held up and relieved of a few surplus pounds, were it not high noon and the street full of people and—may the devil take them—"Peelers." Unobserved he came within hearing distance.

"Mr. Brattle, sir," he heard one say to the other, "as I said, I shall send you the thousand by stage tonight."

"Very good, Mr. Melish, sir, but by what stage?"

"The Kew, Mr. Brattle, sir, leaving from the Black Moon at midnight. The thousand will be in an old bag which I shall enjoin the driver to keep by him."

Horton's heart leapt. The Kew stage! A thousand *pounds*!

The two merchants parted, each going his own way. Horton, likewise, hurried to his iniquitous lodging, there to plot the means by which the thousand *pounds* might become his. Having made his plans he went to sleep, for one of the prime requisites of his profession was plenty of sleep in the day, if plenty of work was to be done at night.

The hours flew. Perhaps it would be better for us to say the hours crawld, since we are treating of the slow-moving Victorian epoch. Time always being the same, however, it should suffice to say that midnight came. Horton rose from his cot, dressed himself, armed himself with a brace of pistols, and wrapped a muffler about his neck, as a protection against the raw night air.

Meanwhile, at the Black Moor, preparations for the departure of the

Kew stage ensued. The two solitary passengers were already fast asleep. The horses, six as ordinary, uninspired truck-horses, we should wish to imagine, were pawing the ground impatiently, but inasmuch as they were standing stolidly, such an imagination must, indeed, be far-fetched. The driver, a mortal of more than mortal weakness, was dozing. It was only after the groom gave the horses severally a whack which would have set even the stones at Stonehenge in motion that they began to plod, which plodding awoke the driver with a start, so that he snarled when the groom cheerily said, "Forward, my hearties, and may you reach Kew before midnight tomorrow!"

The coach jogged along. Scarcely had it proceeded a thousand rods from the Inn, when a horseman might have been seen following it in hot pursuit on a spirited horse. Seeing that he would soon overtake the coach, and deeming it unwise to do so, the horseman—Horton, and no other—reined in his horse and began to trot leisurely. Had he looked behind, he would have seen that he, too, was being followed, but so sure was he of his prey, that he grew unway. A half-mile farther on jogged the coach. A half-mile farther on trotted Horton. A half-mile farther on was he followed by a uniformed horseman.

The coach reached a point where Horton deemed it safe to attack it. He spurred on his horse, and overtook the coach.

"Ands up!" he commanded.

"Ow? W'en? W'ere?" foolishly asked the driver, interrupted from a pleasant nap.

"T'row down that bag up there."

"Werry good, sir."

"T'anks. Any passengers as be inside?"

"Yes, sir."

"Tell 'em to get out."

The driver went to rouse the passen-

gers. Horton felt elated at so easily acquiring the thousand *pounds*. In a short time, the passengers were awakened, and were relieved of their purses, their watches, and any other articles of value that caught the fancy of Horton.

"Sorry to inconvenience you, sirs, but we all must live. I prepare to leave you, as Dick Turpin had a habit o' sayin'!"

"Hands up, Mr. Highwayman!" a sharp voice sharply commanded.

Up went Horton's hands in surprise. He turned to look at his opponent, a "Peeler"!

"'Tis my especial pleasure to arrest you in her Majesty's name for piracy on the highway, a crime which her Majesty's officers are sworn to eradicate from her Majesty's realm. Shorty, jump down from the horse and deprive my lord Highwayman of his pistols," this the "Peeler" said to a shorter "Peeler" who seemed to have come from nowhere.

The command was executed, and Horton stood unarmed.

"Mr. Highwayman, remove your mask if you please. Good! As I live, it's Tom Horton. We've been looking for you for a long time, Tom. By the way, let's see what you wanted so badly in that old bag. Open it, Shorty." Shorty did so.

"Crammed full with tracts. What do they say, Shorty?"

"In the first place, Buster, they're not tracts. They're all the same, of course, so I'll read the heading on one: 'Mr. Brattle announces to his patrons in and around London that after the 8th his establishment will be under the direction of Mr. Robin Melish. Mr. Melish's ability, etc.,...' That's all."

Horton collapsed, and even after he was imprisoned and tried and by due process of law sentenced to be hanged, as a penalty for committing robbery on the Queen's highway, he appeared to be dazed.

Of Art and "Art"

By H. L. Hinckley

Whatever our opinion, we are bound to admit that a mighty evolution is taking place in all branches of art. Yet art, which to our mind is a synonym for culture and civilization, is the only thing that withstands the irresistible tide of modern changes. Governments rise and fall, styles and industries come and go, religion multiplies and loses ground, but the essential elements of literature, philosophy, music, architecture, painting and sculpture remain. It is the exponents of these infallible subjects whose ranks are, to say the least, most heterogeneous. Their problem is in the books and papers and on every one's mind; but it will never be properly settled any more than other questions of its kind have been settled.

The most notorious recent cases have affected the status of many professional critics in a way that affords us much malicious pleasure. One of the greatest literary "hoaxes" was that of Magdalen King—Hall, of County Down, Ireland, "The Diary of a Young Lady of Fashion in the year 1764-1765." It was praised by critics and compared to that of Samuel Pepys. The question we wish to raise is, is it to be accepted as a great and marvelous accomplishment, a classic to be placed with other works of its kind? Of course it will never be. The professional critics, having mistaken a piece of modern literature which in ordinary circumstances they would have disdained to compare with an eighteenth century masterpiece, will see that it is forgotten. Why is it not equal to Pepys'? The reason is by no means clear. They may say it is a mere imitation, but if copied too closely it would never have deceived so well. It is an imitation of style, and as such is no worse than many a classic; in fact, it seems that much credit is due to the author for so cleverly reproducing the literary essence of a century and a half ago. We con-

sider it art, and bespeak for it the share of homage due a truly artistic accomplishment.

The difficulty of many artists of modern times is that they are made to believe themselves the fag end of a decline in art. Oh, no!—there will never be another Shakespeare! There will never be another Rembrandt! Edisons are born every day, Caesars are among us, Carrels are yet to come—but a Phidias?—Never! The resounding praises of former genius leave no room for the songs of today's masters. It is gratifying to say that such is not the case in music. Beethoven, Liszt and Schumann hold their pedestals, but Rachmaninoff, Debussy and Herbert mount theirs. Perhaps this is because the history of great music has a far shorter span than that of the other arts.

With this stand in opinion, it may or may not seem inconsistent subsequently to decry a certain false emphasis on the least valuable products of modern art. We refer to that which its adherents have dignified with the term futuristic. Omitting any remarks on a similar development in literature which is *infinitely better known* and much harder to criticize, we shall descend to those subjects which periodicals most happily discover to be a brilliant and absorbing topic of discussion, futuristic painting and sculpture. We do not profess to be well enough informed concerning the matter to warrant the opinions presented being taken as authoritative, but speak of it as a topic in the consideration of art as it might occur to the interested musings of the proverbial tired business man.

The newspapers recently gave an amusing account of two bold explorers in this new No Man's Land of art. One was Paul J. Smith, a college professor of California, who, in indignation at the injustice of the critics to his wife's

artistic efforts, decided to insult an art exhibit by the most grotesque imagery he could daub on canvas. His "picture" of a South Sea islander brandishing a half-eaten banana he called first, "Yes! We Have No Bananas," then "Exaltation." It was a new monstrosity for bothersome critics to rave over and fill art journals with at the expense of real masterpieces. In spite of Mr. Smith's frank revelation, they knew that for the sake of their respectability they must maintain their stand, so they still acclaim his genius.

The other, whom we believe not so conscientious is Constantini Brancusi. It may be an insult even to discuss his work, called absurd by artists who are willing enough to recognize art when they see it. Or it may be bigoted to condemn them without facing them fairly. We do not wish to be prejudiced, but it really seems the better part to agree with the Customs officials that at best it is only "art." Their conception of art is representation—objects in their true proportions. These "portraits" certain-

ly are *not* in their true proportions. They would not be so bad if they represented motions, feelings, or almost anything but actual portraits, but they cannot be said to represent even characters or impressions. We admit his "Bird in Flight" has more artistic elements. It very probably does represent a flight to some people; they want no representation of a tangible object. It is well that its admirers were allowed, in court, to defend this as art rather than some other of his works, for it would be hard indeed to show a semblance of sense in *them*.

We contend that there is some good in almost everything. Great and marvelous progress has been made in art since the days of Michael Angelo; more beautiful things have been painted and sculptured than he ever dreamed of, as greater things have been accomplished in almost every walk of life. We again assert that there has been as great a progress in art as in physics and trucking. May it continue to be advancement and not retrogression.



Latin School Free Poet: "Confound it! This stuff makes sense! I fear I shall never attain true art."

His Honor The Rajah

By Peter H. Kozodoy '28

In the village of Manarjao on the northern border of India ruled the Rajah Jaonoah Burkeih. Now, the Rajah loved his kingdom; in fact, it yielded him a net income of three thousand rupees a year besides caring for his pet elephant and white bull and other perquisites which show one to be a powerful rajah; hence, when he noticed the growth of a party of malcontents within his realm, he took drastic measures to insure himself of his hereditary throne. He summoned the standing army, which consisted of three men: one of whom was slightly deaf, the second, one-armed, and the third minus a leg. The deaf man had been so from birth; since he was useless to the Rajah's subjects, he had been put in the army; the second could not manage a plough and a horse together, so he enrolled as a private, rose rapidly, and, at the time about which I write, enjoyed the rank of "Brigadier-General, and Commander-in-Chief of the Second Corps Area of his majesty—, etc., etc"; the third destined by fond parents to be an elephant-hunter, had had the misfortune to lose a leg by coming into too close proximity to a crocodile while fording a river; hence he had joined the army.

The army quickly assembled. It assured the king of its devotion, and suggested that the small amount of five hundred rupees, due each of the component parts of his loyal army for pay for the preceding five years, would be greatly welcomed by each of those parts. The Rajah promised them double pay to begin with the first day of the next year, payment of their wages within three months, and an additional stipend of ten rupees each, if they would follow his commands. The Army held a council of war and agreed to the terms. That night, the brigadier-general departed on a secret mission for his Grace, the Rajah.

Upon his return, he brought back a

curious weapon which the natives called "hamarajo-jipsu," or in English, "rapid-fire." It was a machine gun, and the whole kingdom turned out to witness the first target practice held by his majesty's forces. At first, the Rajah was pleased to notice that his subjects were quiet again; then, being a wise man, he had a wooden model of the gun made by one of his loyal followers who had pledged his word to keep the proceedings a secret. This, one night, was put in the place of the real gun, which was then hidden in one of the rooms in the palace, to which no one but the king had access. Then he forbade all target-practice. His suspecting subjects came from time to time to view the monster which could spit fire and deal death so rapidly. Their own guns were of the type that our grandfathers' grandfathers were wont to use. One night, matters reached a climax; the gun was stolen. Imagine the consternation of the subjects, especially the army, when they learned the dreadful news; their lives (the army's) were worthless, for the king would probably have them executed for neglect of duty. Great was their surprise, therefore, when the king laughed at the news. Again he dispatched his faithful one-armed general with a message. Then he proclaimed the theft of the gun and offered a reward for it, but it remained hidden.

Rajah Jaonoah Burkeih, as I have already stated, was a wise man. Hence, since none knew the price of the gun, he decided that it had cost him three thousand rupees; since it had been stolen by his subjects, they would have to pay for it. He found that he had five hundred subjects that paid taxes. Then he issued another proclamation which said before the rise of the new moon, each taxpayer would hand over to the royal treasury six rupees in addition to his regular payment. Also,

it said, any subject, however loyal, who refused to pay the sum of six rupees would be punished as follows: first, he would be jailed for at least a month; second, a fine of twenty-five rupees for disobeying the king's mandate would be imposed; and third, to raise this sum, the king's subjects would auction off the offender's possessions or even his lands.

When this was issued, the people, all but two or three faithful adherents and the army, which was exempt from taxation anyway, rose up in righteous wrath. They held a meeting and decided to send a delegation to the king to demand a withdrawal of the obnoxious measure. His answer was short and to the point: "The moon is at its full, the day after tomorrow; at present the jail can easily accommodate two hundred prisoners; I have been assured that this can be tripled if need be." When the answer was reported the men ran to their houses and armed themselves. They dragged their stolen machine gun from its hiding place and set it in a conspicuous position. At the sight of it, the loyalists gave up the king's cause as lost and joined the rebels. Did I say all? Two men remained, the army. They were surprised and delighted when the king showed them the real machine gun. The deaf man expressed his fears of their inability, because of their small number, to hold out against the rebels. "If only reinforcements arrive, if only Joranghnoman (the one-armed man), O great king, returns whence you sent him, we will conquer."

But where was Joranghnoman all this time, and why had he not returned? For what reason had the king dispatched him to unknown lands? Listen, gentle reader, that you may know. There had come, a month previous to the insurrection, a demand from the British government for the Rajah to swear allegiance to England or suffer the conse-

quences of armed invasion. He had sent Joranghnoman as envoy with various instructions, among which was the acquiring of a machine gun, an instrument of which the Rajah had heard a great deal. The second time he had sent him away, he had revealed the troubled state of his kingdom, and promised to swear allegiance if the British would send him some soldiers to extract him from his present predicament. He had purposely let the storm break and was already chuckling to himself over his ruse.

Two divisions were made out of the army: the first, the deaf man, was to be on duty during the day; the rest of the army was to watch over the palace at night. The Rajah was ready at any time to give his moral and physical support to the army if they should be needed. Then they waited for the attack which they felt coming, for the rajah had refused to come to terms with the insurgents. Thereupon, the opposing forces had called a council of war.

As a result, half of their army retired to the ordinary occupations in the fields; the other half completed a circle around the palace and stayed there. The rajah realized that the rebels were going to besiege him and starve him into submission. Hastily he looked over his available stores; he found rations for only two days. His only hope lay in the coming of the British with his brigadier-general; otherwise he saw that he would be forced to capitulate.

The next day ambassadors came again but were refused a second time though they offered to pay half the tax. The day passed without incident, except for the fact that the rebels realized that they did not have the true machine gun in their possession. At nightfall they again sent plenipotentiaries to sue for peace. The argument waxed hot over the terms of the treaty, until finally, the Rajah, shaking with rage, pointed to the door,

and shouted that he gave his subjects until three o'clock the next day to pay the tax or he would double it. To this the envoys coolly replied that they were tired of the nonsense; and that if he did not come to terms before three o'clock the next day, they would take the castle by assault, and force him to sign over to them the right to vote on all financial measures; then they courteously bowed and withdrew, leaving a very much disturbed monarch. Ah, truly did his majesty feel that "heavy is the head that wears the crown."

The night and forenoon passed quietly. There was an ominous silence from the ranks of the besiegers as the time set for the attack drew near. They massed in front of the castle gate; and as three o'clock sounded, they began to march upon the gate. They stopped when they saw the Rajah appear in his royal robes of state upon the balcony in front of the house. He extended his arms over them as if in blessing, then spoke as follows:

"You see I do not consider you enemies, my children; for if I did, I should not invoke upon you the blessing but the hate of omnipotent Allah. It is as foolish for you to think of storming the castle, as it is to think of me going out to plough fields. I have here in the possession of my faithful army, a hamarajw jipsu, a deadly weapon, as you all know, capable of sending you before great Allah for judgment. Do you think that He will excuse you? that He will forgive you for having attacked him whom He in His foresight and prudence placed upon the throne of this kingdom? I am wiser than you, my children; go to your homes and pay this just tax. Nay, I tell you that I subtract from the tax one sixth of the sum so that it will be easier for you to meet this obligation.

"What! you do not go? You demand that I repeal the whole tax? Are you mad? Do you defy me, the representa-

tive of Allah? I thought as much. You think to make me sign away my hereditary rights of taxation, but I shall show you that I, Rajah Jaonoah Burkeih, can wield my pen in a far different manner. Behold! Do you see the rows of glistening steel upon the mountain? Now, you can see the long files of soldiers. Do you know who they are? Then I shall tell you,—the British! I myself entreated the commander to come and quell this insurrection which almighty Allah foretold to me in a dream. With the consent of the Most High, I began negotiations with the commander. I have retained all my rights that I have inherited, by the terms of the treaty, and also that of protection by the soldiers. Do you defy me now?"

A great cry of indignation rose from the people gathered before the palace. A man ran in front and faced the farmers. "See," said he, "see this traitor who called the divine power to his aid. He has sold us, his countrymen and servants, into perpetual bondage. Men of Manarajo, I appeal to you; shall we endure the tyranny of this man? On! On! I say. Follow me, those who would be free!"

Led by the villagers, the enraged people rushed toward the castle. The army trained the gun on them, but their shots seemed wild and of no effect. It was useless in the face of the charging mob. They seized the gun, and turned it on the army, which promptly surrendered. They constituted themselves the civil government and deposed the king. The latter, brought trembling before the tribunal, steadfastly refused to apologize for his misdeeds. He was sentenced to immediate execution. Hurriedly preparations were made; the royal prisoner was set up against the wall; the machine gun was pointed at his breast.

"Have you anything to say?" he was asked. "Only that the omnipotent pow-

er will avenge me," was the reply. The signal was given, the shot fired; the rajah fell just as his messenger entered the room, breathless. Matters were explained to him; he ran to his liege lord's body and fell upon it, weeping and mourning for the spirit that was gone. Suddenly he ceased, and began to laugh heartily. He stood erect and cried out: "Enter." There came in a part of the troops that had been seen coming over the mountain. He spoke rapidly to the commander in a tongue which was incomprehensible to the villagers. The officers roared with laughter, then drew up the men in a long file with their guns pointing at the terrified villagers. The one armed brigadier-general walked over to the image of Allah which stood in the room and prostrated himself before it. Then he began a mournful, wailing chant. Swaying, he continued it; his voice growing louder and louder; then he shrieked aloud, turning to the dead king on the floor, "Arise my sovereign lord!" Slowly the dead man rose

to a sitting position, then stood erect. He opened his mouth and said, "O thou Almighty, who canst raise the dead, thou art mightiest before all men, and alone dost control the destinies of your favored ones."

The townspeople dropped to their knees, astounded by the miracle that had come to pass. They dragged themselves, still on their knees, over to the king and kissed his robes. He raised his arms in benediction, and said, "Go, my children, wiser than you were. Know now that none but Allah may deprive of life."

* * * * *

Among other curious trophies, as it were, that Colonel — of the W— Brigadiers, brought back from India on his recent furlough was one that provoked a great deal of interest and questioning. It was a box of blank cartridges for a machine gun. On it was written in a flowing style, "Used by his majesty, Rajah Jaonoah Burkeih when attacked by his subjects."

AFTER AN HOUR OVER VERGIL

By Arnold Isenberg '28

Give me a sip of nectar! Let my soul
Quaff deep deep Styx's deep, oblivious
stream.

My fate is not to smother every dream
Of Ilian fire, the blue Aegean's roll
And hold a zeugma or synaeresis my goal.
Methinks the gods are wroth. Where
pages teem

With figures fanciful and bold I seem
To see but words. This is base Syntax's
toll.

What boots this bootless worship of a
word?

Can Grammar grant her slaves one sor-
did boon

Worth half the singing pleasure of a sight
Of those inspired billows Vergil heard?
Far better, sure, to catch sweet Or-
pheus' tune

And throb with Dido in nocturnal flight.

On Me and the Rest

By William E. Harrison '28

ME no man can hope to equal. Colossal conceit! But was conceit ever less than colossal, ever minute? No man can cherish the fondest hopes of equaling me, because I am that rarity among rarities, a cosmopolitan. Beat the drums! Sound the cymbals! I am a citizen of the world. Yet the world knows nothing about my citizenship—nor does it seem to care.

As for myself, as for the rest of the world, we are at odds. Yet they persist, in spite of the advice I would give them, in being foolish. All my efforts are vain ones. I might as easily, pigmy that I am by comparison, try to move the Great Pyramid or punch the Sphinx. The pertinacious foolishness of the rest, the herd I should like to call them, the *sans-culottes* as they should be called, the *canaille* as they dare not be called, almost moves a person of my iron constitution to tears. Every fallacy that they have, every superstition to which they subscribe, every antiquated custom that they still carry on, every fault, mistake, or error which is theirs, I intend consistently to warn them against. And the first of these, soon to be discussed, is the practice, old as the Berkshire Hills perhaps, not so young as Hotel Statler assuredly, of making resolutions with the coming of every new year.

This is sufficient: Don't make them; break them—break the habit; nip them in the bud.

I go on to say, while my wrath kindles, that I am not at all in sympathy with him who forgets that "the loud laugh bespeaks the vacant mind." I shall say more in detail about loud laughter at another time. At present, let me bring to your attention the most outstanding loud laughers. One is the studious (?) school-girl of the contin-

ually narrative powers of conversation by which I mean to say, the school-girl usually not hard to look at, who travels generally with a companion considerably less favored by the Graces in respect to beauty, to whom she recounts a hundred tales of adventure and thwarted ambition in a hundred words, consisting mostly of "So I says to him." Every ten words of hers are followed by a loud laugh, which makes one look closely to his attire to see whether an incongruous shoe-string has become, of its own accord, untied. Her brother is the youth whose forte is an indiscriminate verbal lampooning of every member of his school's faculty. "Buddy," says he, and we suspect straightway that the person about whom he is soon to speak is so-called, on account of an uncanny ability to sniff ignorance of French, shall we say, or Spanish verbs in the very air, "you know, Buddy is going to knock me out to the count of thirty. Hee-haw! What do I care?" And the sound of his laughter reverberates all along the thronged street, on which he *always* appears.

Another person who naturally arouses my ire is the late comer. According to the jest, stereotyped on account of its familiarity, he was born on March 31, and so missed being born with the foolishness which he later acquired so easily. Punctuality and promptness are abstract qualities which he has seldom heard. He should try to mend his ways, broken and irregular as they are. He should be early. He should rise with the lark. He should go to school, to work, to church, on time.

Pessimism and the pessimists, parties to the world's ills, are abhorred. The pessimists assert that their dogma is the only dogma. If one were to find a huge

nugget, huger than the hugest which has yet been found, and a pessimist were at his elbow, the pessimist would warn him *not to* try to lift the nugget for he might strain his solar plexus by so doing. A morose face is, necessarily, lugubrious, and its owner should never push it within the view of jovial eyes.

Deep as a well and close as an oyster, I cannot tell my best friend what I am going to do to those who believe that wastefulness is better than economy. Frugal people never waste anything, not excepting pencil-stubs which may be used as missiles when they have fulfilled their first duties. Frugal people realize that a cent, however humble, is worth more than nothing at all. Let the rest immediately proceed to forget that.

As a cosmopolitan cosmopolite I am compelled to give allegiance to no prince or potentate this side of Tartarus.

I owe no Decaturian allegiance to my country, consequently I can read whatsoever history texts I please, without fear of being contaminated by that

diseased atmosphere of internationalism which is the God-given air of every one who pretends to the most superficial of educations. I can read history with my eyes and not with my prejudices. I call Louis Pasteur the greatest man who ever lived and give second place to Saint Paul. I believe in government by those most capable of governing themselves. I am not always right as the rest, but God knows I am most of the time. I believe in the universal brotherhood of men, and in the fatherhood of God, although I do not, and can not believe that all men were created equal, because all brothers in the same family are not physically and mentally equal. I advocate universal education, despite what the rest may say, as the only panacea for the ills of the world.

Firm in my belief that since I am a creature of the millenium wandering prematurely in the primitive age of 1925, I have a right to self-conceit denied all others, the rest. I have the nerve to set myself down as the world's friend—and unknown citizen, a potent influence.

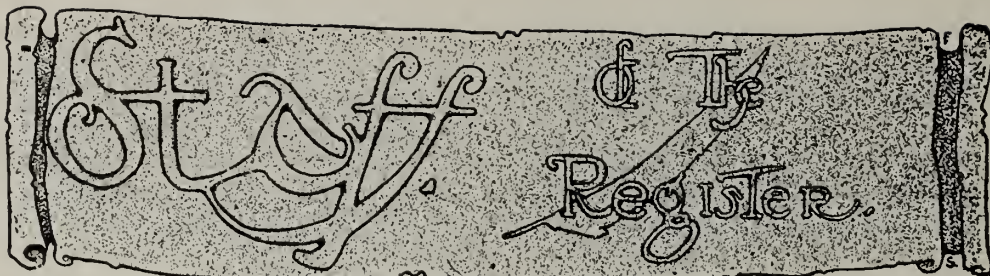
CONTRAST

By M. A. Benson '29

Darkness
Slowly creeping
With its dark phantasmal fingers,
Slowly crushing
Under shadows
Light of day that gently lingers.

Moonbeams
Piercing through the darkness
Cast a weird and eerie glow;
In the night's
Ebonic shadows
Spirits wander to and fro.

Morning sun
On dim horizon
In recurrent victory,
Swells and grows
In radiant splendor
And reveals Eternity!



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BOSTON

IN an admirable essay in *Harper's Magazine*, Mr. Elmer Davis gives his impressions of modern Boston. Almost all that he says is true. Describing the change from the Puritanism of yesterday to the diluted Puritanism of today, from the Cabots and Lowells to the McCarthys and Cohens and Gilottis, from the Boston of tradition to the Boston of business, he ventures to make predictions as to the Boston of the future.

The Bostonian, however, who reads Mr. Davis' lines experiences a peculiar sensation. For in common with all writers who make a city, a nation, an age, or a race their subject Mr. Davis is interested in *forces*, in the large and significant features of modern Boston, and so he misses the essential truth that in the largest sense there is no such thing as a Boston to which may be attributed definite and absolute characteristics. The tendency of history and of criticism is to concentrate. In order to produce anything of worth the writer must get a perspective, must attack masses of people rather than individuals, must give his impression of significant tendencies and forces and counterforces. In so doing he loses his appreciation of individual values. In using general terms such as "business" and "tradition", Mr. Davis forgets that Boston is pre-eminently the home of 800,000 people, rather than the battlefield on which, say, 400,000 of these people as a unit struggle for supremacy with the other 400,000 as a unit; that each of those 800,000 is far more interested in his own individual fortune, and culture than in the fortune and culture of the whole; that each would have Boston such and such and such a city, or such and such a city only insofar as his particular lot might be affected thereby; that Bostonian literature is not and never has been the product of any "school," but of a number of individuals, who by the merest chance were thrown into proximity; that no city of this size

can be critically considered otherwise than as a number of people, each of whom is a distinct personality. One who is accustomed to think of himself as just a bit different from everybody else, would feel rather uncomfortable in reading Mr. Davis' words picturing him as a fraction of a force!

It is a pity that more personal histories and critical essays are not written. Looking only at the Manhattan skyline one is apt to picture New York as a city of steel and money, to describe it in imaginative words appropriate to that view alone, to overlook the millions of people of soft, pliant, human personalities below. Carl Sandburg's poetic imagination causes him to write a fierce description of Chicago and to neglect the gentle little old lady I know, who lives in a little white cottage on the outskirts of the city, and who is certainly as much a part of Chicago as are any of the stockyards. The experiments in book censorship of one unimportant officeholder are transformed by the critics into the spirit of an entire city of people.

Mr. Davis' essay is an accurate and impartial one. But that Boston is a definite "type" of city and a Bostonian, a definite "type" of man—ugh! It is to shudder!

* * * * *

THE NEW SYSTEM

The inauguration in the Latin School of the system of promotion which prevails in the best public schools of other cities has been long delayed, but it is none the less welcome. This year's Fourth Class and all succeeding classes will be promoted to a higher grade according to subjects. No longer will the boy who fails in two subjects repeat the year and he who fails in one be promoted on trial. The student who passes English, for example, for the year, will be promoted to the English of the Class above, no matter if he fails the other four or five subjects. Thus we may soon expect to have numbers of waverers, say, between the Second and Third Classes, whose allegiance is divided between '31 and '32.

The advantages of the system are obvious. The fact that a boy fails in a certain subject indicates, not that he is not fit to do the work of the next class, but that he cannot meet its requirements in that particular subject. The penalty of the loss of a whole year because of inaptitude or lack of interest in one or two branches of the curriculum is too severe.

Certain difficulties, however, present themselves to the inquiring mind. This is a college preparatory school; awkward situations are likely to arise in the case, for instance, of the Second Classman in two subjects who wishes to take the entrance examinations. Hangers-on to the scholastic fringe, students who hope to "get by" without working, are likely to multiply; the dire penalty of a year's loss has hitherto weeded them out and shipped them elsewhere, but the incentive to transfer may not now be so great. What about eligibility for athletics? It is sincerely to be hoped that the present system of having each room move as a unit through all classes will not be discarded. Will not this innovation have such a tendency? Will not the customary Latin School definite consciousness of class tend to disappear? We hope not.

Doubtless most of these problems will iron themselves out or be solved by the system itself. At that, they scarcely counterbalance the obvious advantages of the new scheme. The boy who loses a year or two of his life because of an inability to grasp, say, mathematics or English, and the boy who earns promotion by gaining barely the necessary number of points, and then finds himself in hopelessly deep water in his weaker subjects later on have been altogether too familiar figures. We shall see them no more. Meanwhile we are wondering.

Its Charms

I have no ear for music. I can't tell the difference between harmony and discord. I don't know *solfeccio* from the lost choid. An *andante* inspires in me no throb of recognition and a *pianissimo* leaves me cold. When I read a criticism of last evening's concert wherein Mr. H. T. P. describes the exact tone, color, depth, intensity, wealth, pitch, and feeling of each instrument in a hundred-piece symphony orchestra, together with the warmth, coolness, fire, emotion, coordination, and sympathy on the part of the conductor, I feel like a five-year-old at a thirty-ling circus. It's all too much for me. To me, the orchestra is a great hand-organ producing much noise; the conductor is a man waving a stick. In vain do I attempt to analyze the individual parts of a composition entitled "Spring and Winter in Hungary." The twittering of birds or the rustle of leaves, so obvious to so many people, alike fail to make themselves felt upon my nerve-diaphragm. I cannot reason with the composer. I have no ear for music—fortunately.

For I can enjoy music. I enjoy it not as the critic enjoys it—for the pleasure of picking apart and analyzing each rendition—but as it is enjoyed by the savage beast whom it soothes. Sometimes it is hard to tell whether one appreciates a form of art. For example, I do not yet know whether I like poetry. I like *some* poetry, to be sure, but not infrequently I feel that I am reading a poem because I think I ought to. But it is entirely different with music. I know I like it. I know I like it as the tippler knows he likes his gin. It (music or gin) lifts one (me or the tippler) above the drab realities of existence into the voluminous ether. Let but a few chords resound through a hall and I actually become an optimist. The rose-tinted glasses are forced down over my eyes; December becomes May; men become

saints, and the performers demi-gods. Ah! Gehenna is Paradise.

Every other Monday morning I sit in our assembly hall, a severe, darksome affair with many of the aspects of a hermit's cell. Before me stretches a week of digging and raving and cursing and grumbling. Then a boy who looks like an ostrich or another who resembles a bull ascends the platform, seats himself at the piano, and proceeds to play the musical equivalent of some nursery rhymes, poor, dull, little exercises. But no sooner does he begin to contort his fingers when—pouf!—the unromantic pedagogue standing at my right becomes a noble seeker for truth and light. Beside me sits an athlete. He becomes an upholder of all that is staunch and virile in young American manhood. The unwashed specimen in front assumes the garb of a courageous son of the soil, climbing through oppression and ignorance to freedom and culture. The assembled student body, a heterogeneous assortment, takes on the appearance of scholarly reserve and militant righteousness. The sombre austerity of the hall is now of classic origin. All is fine, all is high, all is noble, all is as it should be.

This is, mind you, the effect of a few tunes produced by an unskilled amateur. What, then, becomes of me when the martial strains of a military band, the thundering accord of a symphony orchestra, or the full-throated harmony of a vocal chorus crashes upon my ears? Here I hesitate to let the reader into the innermost secrets of my soul. For then my desires and ambitions are fulfilled, the true me comes to the surface. I am marching along in the dust followed by an unruly rabble of babbling babies. It is hot and sticky and my throat is parched with screaming commands. Suddenly the High School of Commerce band strikes up some silly air. Immediately I am the responsible commander lead-

ing his troops into action. The fate of a nation depends on me. The future of democracy is in my hands. The step quickens, the commands come more quickly and more spiritedly. On, my hearties! We're after a prize today! We'll not fail Old Glory there! Down with the enemy, up with us. On! On!

Yet the poor military music in such a case is often not sufficient to offset the physical inconveniences to which I am being subjected. But in some quiet concert hall, where my neighbors are foreigners, where the semi-darkness obscures my facial expressions, there is no limit to the realm of my imagination. First resounds a full-toned ensemble, shaking the walls of the auditorium. At once I am a great man, climbing, ever, ever climbing, attaining sublime heights. The audience is composed of my subordinates. Disaster threatens! I raise my arm and ward it off. There are dissenters within my ranks. I silence them by my own great example. Up we go, ever, ever upward. Up, crusaders! Up, reformers, righters of wrongs! Falter not, for I am with you. You are all splendid. I am superb. An abyss yawns, and we fly across; an avalanche descends; we withstand it. Footsore, we carry on. Hurlled down, we are up again. Up, up! Excelsior!

The music softens now. The composer intends to imitate a quiet brook.

But no, I am the contemplative philosopher. Man is weak, flesh is heir to many ills, but the unsullied example of my studious pursuit of the golden mean will redeem mankind. I weigh everything in the balance, and good inevitably withstands the test. I know that evil is abroad, that our lives are oft marred by dross. But all is for the best. Yes, I am that paradox, the optimistic philosopher.

So it goes. A rippling, bubbling tune will make of me a cohort of Pan, frisking and frolicking in the clear morning air. A dirge will transform me into a worshipper of that goddess sage and holy, divinest Melancholy. Even jazz is not wholly without its effect. I become an apostle of good will, an Eddie Guest-Dr. Cadman sort of chap, a pleasant person to have around. I have yet to discover the type of music which can make of me anything lower than I am. The music without wakes the music within and together they construct fairyland.

But suppose I were following the music critically, noting this phase and that phase of the artist's work. Ah! The violins are tinny, the mouth pieces rich; this chorus was played well, that scroo not so well; the conductor has in this place rather overstrained his impetuosity; here, however, he is master of the situation. But where is fairyland?



The Wrath of Isis

By Harry Bergson, Jr., '28

It was mid-day, and the hot desert sun beat down upon the men, horses and chariots of Albamenes, the Great, Pharaoh of Egypt. They were all his, for the great goddess of the moon, Isis, had granted them to him. His uncle, the former Pharaoh had made him his heir, instead of his own eldest son, who was an atheist. His great love of his patron goddess had gained for him all these possessions. Nor did he forget it. He heaped her altars with gifts and offerings, sacrifices of human beings and animals. The very next day there was to be a nationwide feast to the great goddess, the protector of the land, the white-armed goddess, giver of bountiful harvests.

They dashed along over the sparkling white sands which turned the hard glare of the sun into their very eyes. Off in the distance, shining white against the background of the clear blue heavens, rose the temple of Isis. The whole place buzzed with the work of the priests making preparations for the coming feast. Inside and out the ground was covered with black swarming men,

The mighty lord of men, Pharaoh Albamenes, whirled up to them in a great cloud of dust. The work instantly ceased and with it the buzzing, as silence reigned and the people salaamed to their protector. With love for his goddess, he gave orders that these signs of humility be laid aside for the moment, and that the work should continue. Immediately the buzzing recommenced.

What a good Pharaoh this was to disregard signs of obeisance in order that he might show his regard for the goddess.

Suddenly, from one place on the outskirts of the multitude, there came a murmur louder than the buzzing. From a murmur it grew to a roaring, then to a shouting, and then to a turmoil. Pharaoh raised his hand, and the noise

ceased. Finally, a runner, naked except for a loin cloth, panting, with his face screwed up in a frenzy of excitement, broke through and cast himself before the feet of Pharaoh, bowing and touching his forehead to the ground.

"O mighty Pharaoh, ruler of men, thou who holdest in thy hand the power of life or death over all living things in the land of Egypt, let me make it known to thee, that thy brother, with a vast horde of infidel Arabs, is coming to attack thee and raze to the ground this magnificent temple of our goddess Isis."

Pharaoh leaped up and shouted commands to his men. Immediately there was a hurrying and a scurrying. Each man running to his hails to gird on his sword and armor and to assemble in the market-place before the temple of Isis. In a moment the place was filled with swirling, dashing, shouting humanity. Orders were hurled hoarsely through the air. Then the mighty Albamenes leaped into his chariot, while his driver climbed up behind him, and waving his sword aloft and snapping out a brisk command, he dashed off towards the enemy. His own army, seeing his waving crest move out before them, followed after him.

As they drew near the enemy, they raised a great shout and with their scythe-bearing chariots, dashed among the barbarians.

There was a great turmoil, swords hacked and spears thrust forward into the vitals of the nearest man. Then in the middle of the bloody fray, the two leaders met. Blow upon blow was dealt, and then thrust upon thrust, the golden shields rang under the impact of the swords. Blood flowed freely and the ground on which they fought was slippery with gore. Suddenly with a mighty effort, Albamenes raised his sword aloft and drove down with all his force upon

the helmet of his enemy. The helmet was cleft in twain, but the blow was lessened and merely stunned his adversary. But he now held him at his mercy. With his sword-point at his throat he vowed not to kill him then, but to offer him up on the morrow as a sacrifice to Isis for the attempted desecration of her most sacrosanct temple.

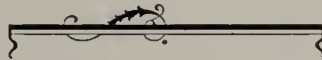
Then hurling the unconscious form of his victim into his chariot, he dashed into the thickest of the fray. The slaughter was great, and many brave men met their fate. And as the sun set, the great Pharaoh went back to his city as victor of the day. Now nothing would hinder the impending feast.

The day dawned in the manner of desert days, suddenly growing light. The sun was soon casting down its burning rays upon the city. The heat was terrible and beat down upon the bared

heads of the multitude. A trumpet sounded and the triumphal procession came down the broad streets of the city. The priestesses had prepared the altars and had lighted the fires for the sacrifice of the great son of Pharaoh.

The priests chanted verses over the victim who stood chained before the altar, on which stood the statue of the goddess. When the time came for the killing of the victim, there was heard from the depths of the statue first a low murmur like the rising breeze, then a rumble, then a roar, and then a crash, followed by a flash! Then deep silence took possession of the chamber.

When the people recovered their senses they beheld the body of Hesppek sprawled dead at the feet of the statue. A sonorous voice was heard to say, "Thus does Isis vent her wrath upon this infidel for the pollution of her temple."



AGE AND YOUTH

By Arnold Isenberg '28

What says the hoary-haired and wrinkled
sea?

It sings, "Come play with me! Come
play with me!"

The cold, old moon croons softly from
above,

"How sweet is love! How sweet is
sweet, sweet love!"

That star that saw the grim Assyrian's
flight,
He blinks a mystic light, a cheery light.

Young Jones sits on a stool and tells his
gold

And sighs, "I'm getting old, I'm getting
old."

School Notes



THE DRAMATIC CLUB

The logical climax of six years of Dramatic Club production has been reached. "The Creaking Chair," this year's mystery melodrama, will take the boards for two nights, January 27 and February 10. The price of tickets will be reduced to fifty cents. This step is taken as the result of a general feeling that too small a fraction of the student body is attending the annual play. With the reduced prices, the School hall should be crowded for both performances.

"The Creaking Chair" has had long professional runs. It deals largely with the element of Oriental mysticism. The involved details of a murder which may be ascribed to any one of a half dozen characters are guaranteed to keep the audience on its toes until the final curtain. Mr. Russo and the cast deserve the whole-hearted co-operation of the student body in every particular. Above all we may urge mass attendance by the School and its friends.

* * *

The winning of the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa trophy by the Boston Public Latin School for the third successive year is a source of considerable gratification to those of us who have for any length of time been interested in inter-

scholastic competition. Members of the first class should make every effort to bring about next fall the fourth successive Latin School victory which will assure us permanent possession of the trophy.

The Phi Beta Kappa competition was originated three years ago by the Harvard Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa, the national honorary scholastic society. It is open to any school in the United States which annually prepares seven or more students for the College Board Examinations. Each year the trophy is awarded to that school whose team of seven students receives the highest composite rating in certain groups of subjects designated by the Society. That school which wins the plaque the most times in seven years retains it permanently. It seems hardly likely that any other school will emerge highest in this competition for four successive years.

Latin School's success this year was due to the splendid work of the following members of '27—Solomon E. Shershevsky, William A. Sloan, George R. Dunham, Norman Ziegler, Ralph A. Ross, John G. Long, Joel Brenner.

In the first announcement of awards of scholarship and appointments to the Harvard Dean's List we likewise find a greater number of Latin School boys than hail from any other institution.

THE LITERARY CLUB

The monthly discussion by the Literary Club was held December 5, 1927, on "The Propagandist in Literature." Although the interest in discussion was intense, it was evident that the subject covered too broad a field and despite the hour and a half of argument, little was definitely settled. In the opinion of this writer the most tenable theory of the place of the propagandist in literature which was advanced was the opinion that the novelist or playwright who expresses his social or political ideas through the mouths of characters who are living creatures *in themselves* is justified in his method of spreading propaganda, whereas the author who creates characters simply as puppets to mouth his own opinions doesn't belong.

On December 19, Mr. Thomas W. Sheehan, faculty adviser of the *Register*, spoke on certain aspects of the modern novel. Mr. Sheehan divided his field under three headings, romanticism, naturalism, and realism. He defined the three terms, named the principal devotees of each, and outlined several aspects of contemporary fiction.

* * *

The Third Public Declamation was held in the Assembly Hall on Friday, December 23. It was unusual in the fact that it was extremely peaceful. Only a few excited orators waved their arms and shook their heads. Shakespeare as usual, had two places on the program. Service, Hugo, Headley, Kellogg, and Mr. Anonymous were also in evidence. A great variety of pieces was offered. Stirring addresses, soliloquies, humor and essays were to be found among the selections. Clarence, who it seems had a somnambulistic vision, was described in a clear and vivid manner. Books were discussed "pro and con". A member of the First Class told us of

some "Unappreciated Kindness," the humor of which was much appreciated by the audience, which was, no doubt, rather weary of hearing about story book heroes.

One fiery orator mounted the public rostrum, cleared his throat, waved his hands about his head, and announced in a haughty manner, "I come here not to talk." Nevertheless, he proceeded to deliver an address in a forceful manner about slaves. Finally, after doing a creditable piece of work, with rumpled hair, and a triumphant smile on his beaming countenance, he left the stage to allow other worthy gentlemen to display their forensic powers.

The program was brought to an end when the good qualities of "Honest Abe" were expounded in a manner that showed careful preparation. His traits of character and life were fully described. Then Mr. Campbell brought to our attention the numerous errors in pronunciation made by the speakers. The composition intended to exhibit a picture of human lives pronounced *drahma*—not *drammer*. There is an "n" in "government" which must be pronounced. We advise all declaimers to be absolutely sure of their pronunciation before attempting to make a public appearance.

The school was then dismissed and hurried home to await the arrival of Santa Claus!

* * *

SCHOOL BANKING

According to the latest statistics, this school, now a regular member of the School Banking System, has 27%, or more than one out of five of its members enrolled as depositors. Since this is the first year that banking in this school has been systematized, this record is nothing to be ashamed of. Mr. Goodale, faculty director of the School Banking, wishes to thank the room

treasurers for their excellent work and co-operation with him.

* * *

THE STAMP CLUB

The Stamp Club, that little advertised yet busy organization of the Latin School is continuing its work quietly and with undiminished zeal. At future meetings, talks on subjects chosen by the speakers themselves are to be given by the members of the Club. The subject of philately is one which can make an extremely interesting and instructive hobby. More members are urged to join.

* * *

THE CHESS CLUB

The tournament which the Chess Club has been conducting has resulted in the tentative choice of the following team: Bernard E. Burroughs '29; George W. Cashman '28; Ezekeil L. Clark '28; Simeon J. Domas '28; Benjamin A. Halpern '28; Arnold Isenberg '28; Edmund Model '28; and Samuel Rodman '31.

* * *

EXCHANGES

The *Register* gratefully acknowledges the receipt of the following exchanges: *St. Ann's Monthly*, *The Wisp*, *The Item*, *The Artisan*, *The Blue and Gold*, *Willamette Collegian*, *The Bowdoin Orient*, *The Mass. Collegian*, *The Westport Crier*, *The Belmont Sentinel*, *The Sagamore*, *The Shuttle*, *The Colt*, *The Review*, *The Mortonian*, *The Imp*, *the Optimist*, *The Record*, *The Tripod*, *The Flambeau*, *The Red and Black*, *The Grotonian*, *The Noddler*, *The Distaff*, *The Student*, *The Rambler*, *Ware High Times*, *Boston University News*, *The Courier*, *Northeastern News*, *The Heights*, *Old Hughes*, *Emerson College News*, *The Clipper*, *The Red and White*, *The Wyvern*

* * *

A reunion and smoker of the Class of '25 was held at the University Club, Tuesday evening, December 27. Mr. Campbell was guest of honor and among

the speakers were Mr. Henderson, former Coach Fred J. O'Brien, Captain Vogel of the football team and President Buckley of the First Class.

* * *

On Christmas Eve there was a gathering of about twenty-five Latin School alumni in a dinner-room in the American House. John T. Donovan, Donald Mac-Millan, Joseph Crosby, Max Zide, and Edward Curran were reported by the *Boston Herald* as being present.

* * *

THE FRENCH CLUB

Professor Joseph Waxman of Boston University addressed the French Club December 12 on "Quelques Observations sur La Politique Française." Dr. Waxman's speech was an extended explanation of the party system in France. He made clear the alignment of seats in the Chamber of Deputies, and expounded the principles of the numerous political parties from the radicals of the extreme left to the ultra-conservatives of the right wing. The French interpretation of the theory of rotation in office, the cabinet system, was contrasted to the rigid American idea of four-year terms. The political situation at the present moment under M. Poincare was pronounced the strongest and most optimistic in years.

Dr. Waxman will, in all likelihood, be a guest at French Club meetings of the future.

* * *

The installation of towels in the school lavatories appears, just at present, to be a bright vision of the future to which we may ever raise our eyes and smile. The motion to provide towels has been passed by the School Committee, an appropriation has, we understand, been made, everything is arranged for—except the towels.

* * *

THE DEBATING CLUB

Trials for the Latin School Debating

Team were held December 13, 1927. Each candidate delivered a short speech upon one of three questions: prohibition, capital punishment, the Philippine Islands. Messrs. Roland, Peirce and Benson were the judges. The names of the successful candidates follow in alphabetical order: William J. Callaghan '30, Edward H. Hickey '29, Arnold Isenberg '28, Arthur P. Levack '28, Charles W. Quick '30, Joseph Sawyer '28.

The first interscholastic debate may have taken place before this number appears. At present, debates with Exeter, Groton, Lynn Classical, the Quincy Civic Institute, and the Harvard freshmen seem certain.

* * *

The forty-second annual reunion and dinner of the Class of 1885, took place Wednesday evening, December 28, at the Parker House.

* * *

LIBRARY SERVICE CLUB

This Club is now the most useful organization of the school. Since the

beginning of this year, when our school found itself without a librarian, the members of this club have worked faithfully, and have shown the results of last year's training. Through its work, we are now able to use the library as we did last year. Many new books have appeared on the shelves, chiefly fiction books. The school thanks the club sincerely for the great service it has rendered.

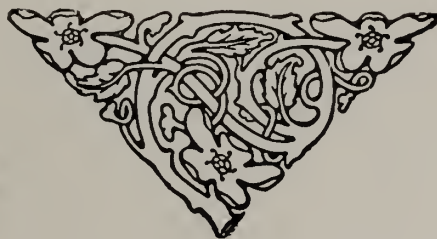
* * *

THE ORCHESTRA

The orchestra has been greatly hindered this year by the poor attendance of its members. This condition has become so critical that official steps have had to be taken. It is hoped that in the future the members will realize what a great wrong they are doing to Mr. Wagner and the school by their indifferent attitude. With a little co-operation, the orchestra promises to become, with its excellent leadership and material, better than it has ever been in the past.

* * *

We are indebted to James H. Tracy of '28 for the athletics notes in this number. In view of the illness of the Sporting Editor, he obligingly reviewed the work of the hockey team.



Rebermore

By William E. Harrison '28

I had known him for as long as he could have been known; I had known him from the day of his birth. I had thought his secrets were mine. I had been intimately acquainted with his affairs for years. I had supposed that we were the best of friends. Yet I was afraid lest I offend him by being too inquisitive, when in early November, I noticed that his countenance took on the perfervid glow of a fanatic's.

Weeks passed. The winter came and with it the snow. I continued to work, churning out plays, doggerel verse, and mongrel novels, as if I were a dramatist, or a poet, or a novelist. I became so busy I rarely saw him. But when I did I noticed that his perfervidness of countenance had not diminished, as I had expected, but had increased. Ever solicitous for his well-being, I grew alarmed. My pen lay idle. The popular magazines no longer received a weekly poem; my feeble attempt to finish my serial in the *Hevon Weekly* resulted in only a few poor installments, savoring of Grub Street; my latest novel with its twenty thrilling chapters, lay unfinished.

One evening as I stood on the threshold of the house, preparatory to departing to lose myself in the inanity of cultural enjoyment of a well-filled motion picture theatre, I took occasion to remark, "Wonder what's come over him lately." If he was curious as to who was meant by "him," he gave no sign. He looked at me, then turned and strode majestically, perhaps, but infinitely more foolishly than he ever used to walk.

I did not go to see a "movie" as I had intended. I went to visit my old classmate, Bob Sears, in quest of advice. What Bob doesn't know no other man knows. I laid the matter before Bob.

"Well, I guess the only way you'll find out what's wrong with him is by observation. Observation is what makes

the world go round. It—" said Bob.

"I haven't got time to listen to any of your platitudes. The world knows you are its greatest philosopher. I came here to learn what I might do for him," I complained, half-apologetically, half-angrily.

"Then you shall learn. Old Sherlock Holmes used to look at the color of the mud on a man's shoe, and through that could tell whence he came and, I suppose, whither he was going. Go thou and do likewise. Observe."

When I left Bob's, I left with anger surging within me. Blind was I to the beauties of nature, the sheer white beauty of the snow, and the other beauties you have heard extolled so many times that you know the very adjectives I should use, if I were to describe them to you. Deaf was I to every voice save that of Duty. Consequently I got a ticket on the way home for anticipating the traffic officer's whistled signal. The thought that I was to play the spy on one whom I had known for a long time nauseated me. I saw myself as a "double-dealing" rogue; I was base, low.

When I got home, he was sleeping. I silently crept to bed, and went to sleep. The next morning I arose. Then began a day of spying. No move he made but I noted. I followed him about the house, not openly of course, nevertheless, closely. I watched him as he ate his meals, as he, the once hearty diner, took mere morsels of food. His face was even more perfervidly aglow than when I saw him. Not since the days when first I met an enthusiastic reader of one Carter, had I seen such a rapt face.

Towards the close of the day, a great light shone in my mind. I was in the presence of a mad creature! I was with a maniac! Suddenly, I concluded and laughed at myself for not

having sensed it before. He was in love! But the pertinent question was, "With whom?" I wished to know who she was. I had thought him ineligible. However, I went to sleep with the question fore-most in my mind


When the next day came, he and Bob Sears and I went skating. We skated on Healy's Pond, a miniature lake in the summer, but now a solid mass of ice, glistening ice in which you could see

your likeness. He began to act queerly, gazing rapturedly at the ice. Bob laughed heartily and said, "Why man, you're awfully dense. He's in love with his own reflection."

Yes, Wozzy, my collie dog was in love with his own reflection. Inasmuch as spring-time madness always disconcerts me when it occurs in December, I gave him a brutal punch in the ribs which must have brought him to.

A VERY BRIEF DISSERTATION ON NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

By S. W. Manning '30

N the first day of every year it is our custom to persuade ourselves that we should do or should refrain from doing certain things for the remaining three hundred and sixty-four days. Year in and year out, the majority of us—solemnly or otherwise—make our resolutions. They seem to be a part of our very lives; for who is there who considers his New Year's Day complete without making at least one good—or bad,—resolution.

Resolutions are made by people of every walk of life. The Chicago gunman most likely resolved to cut down the expense of ammunition; that is, to kill three men with one bullet whenever possible. I know for a certainty that the policeman on whose beat I live, resolved to spend only three-fifths of his time in the corner fruit store; and I most earnestly hope that the "drugstore cowboy, with the slick-backed hair" who lives next door to me resolved to refrain from "assaulting" his saxophone whenever I'm trying to decipher Gaius Julius Caesar's famous "code."

To some people New Year resolutions mean "an infinite deal of nothing." These are the people who usually make the most forceful ones. A striking example of this type is the boy who resolves to go through the remainder of the school year without getting one misdemeanor mark. At the end of one month he finds he has fourteen.

Once, in the good old days before Mr.

Volstead became popular, a certain ruddy-faced gentleman resolved to stop drinking beer or ale forever. It afterwards developed that the man never drank beer or ale—he drank wine. He continued drinking his wine, congratulating his clever self on its ability to evade the New Year resolution "bunk."

New Year's Day came around again—is all such days have a habit of doing—but this gentleman was down and almost out with the gout. He was sitting by his great fireplace, his gouty foot held aloft like the last spar on a sinking ship, when he felt a sort of burning and biting in that lame member of his anatomy. The burning sensation increased until the gentleman thought he was on fire. His face was contorted with pain. He grasped the foot in agony.

Then it was that he heard a soft voice in his ear saying, "The awful pains in your foot are your broken New Year resolutions. You haven't given us a fair deal and you must suffer for it. This is just to show that we can take care of ourselves. If you don't mend your ways we'll come again. Goodnight. We hope you don't feel hurt."

Be it sufficient to say that the man mended his ways after his recovery.

Therefore, let us not say that New Year resolutions are no good at all. Even if they are worthless, they can at least furnish some exercise for our feeble will power.

Alumni Notes

'68—Edward W. Hutchins has been re-elected president of the Social Law Library, Boston.

'73—Roger Pierce, son of M. Vassor Pierce '73, has been elected president of the New England Trust Company.

'76 We regret to report the death of Henry W. Savage on November 29 1927. Mr. Savage was world famous as a producer of operas. He was first to present Wagner's "Parsifal" in English. He also presented a wide range of other operas. He is said to have had more than fifty stage successes in grand opera. He is survived by his wife, a son, and a married daughter.

'82—George Santayana's "Platonism and the Spiritual Life" and "The Realm of Essence." have recently been published by Charles Scribners and Sons. The latter book is the second volume of Santayana's new philosophy.

'83—James H. Woods, Professor of Philosophy at Harvard, is now Harvard Exchange Professor, at Sorbonne, France.

'83—Albert T. Perkins, a former president of the Harvard Club of Boston, attended the fall meeting held November 18, 1927.

'84 Rt. Rev. Herman Page, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Michigan, has returned from a trip to England, Scotland and France.

'89—Patrick T. Campbell is listed among the guests at the fall meeting of the Associated Harvard Clubs, November 18, 1927.

'89—David S. Muzzey has recently published a new history, "History of the American People."

'90—J. Gordon Bartlett died suddenly on November 11, 1927.

'91—Esther Laughton, daughter of Norris H. Laughton '91, is now a solo dancer in the cast of Flo Ziegfeld's "Rio Rita."

'91—F. W. Grinnell is now a trustee of the Social Law Library, Boston.

'93—The December 8, 1927 "Harvard Alumni Bulletin" contains an article by Arthur Beale entitled "Probation and Athletics."

'96 Stephen H. Bush edited the recently published "Sixteenth Century French Anthology."

'97—The home address of George H. Tower is now 136 Hicks Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

'97—Ernest Bradford Schallenberg, donor of the "Schallenberg Prize" died here November 26, 1927. He is survived by his wife and his mother.

'02—Charles P. Middleton is now treasurer of the North Coast Chemical and Soap Works, Seattle.

'11—J. Robert Fleming was elected president of the Arizona Harvard Club, November 10, 1927.

'12—E. M. Grant is the author of "French Poetry and Modern Industry," published a short time ago.

'22—Laurence E. Bunker is now studying for a second year at Trinity College, Cambridge, England.

'24—Robert Fienberg has been awarded the "Class of 1814 Scholarship" at Harvard.

'24—Israel Hoffman has just been elected to "Phi Beta Kappa."

'26—Ben. Alexander was awarded the "Class of 1856 Scholarship."



The Katabasis

By Donal M. Sullivan '29

Br-r-r-r. The strident clang of the second bell completely destroys the tension of the moment. From many doorways leap boys of as many varieties as has Heinz, or as the rats that listened so attentively to the rather coercive music of the motley-clad gentleman from Hamelin. The cause of their haste, however, is more closely associated with the perpetrator of the fifty-seven outrages than with the Hamelin musician. The impelling motive for their eager celerity is the desire for victuals. Whether or not what they ultimately receive is deserving of the dignified appellation of "food", must be left to the discrimination of the reader.

Their leap ends in mid-air and they proceed at a fast walk along the left wall towards the stairway. The "Big Parade" is intercepted at the head of the stairs by an ogre who has assumed the outward semblance of a schoolmaster, a not very difficult metamorphosis. This one, having eaten his fill, has no desire to expedite the satisfaction of the pangs of hunger which gnaw at the vitals of the unfortunate lads. Accordingly, he calls a halt to the procession and permits his particular brood of starving wretches to precede on the journey the group lacking his favor.

They walk down the stairway under the scorching fire of his baleful glare, and, reaching the first floor encounter two more ogres who command an even slower pace. The victims, weakened by hunger, obey. The expedition enters upon the last stage of the journey as it turns down the stairs to the basement. It quickens its pace as it passes beyond the vision of the second and third ogres. Its freedom, sad to say, is short-lived. At the base of the stairs stands a fourth ogre, whose philanthropy is limited to

the distribution of Teutonic currency of much depreciated value. He slows up the march and compels several youths to return whence they came and repeat the trip at a lower rate of speed.

At last the portals of the lunch-room yawn wide to receive the famished horde. On they flock to receive in exchange for red and blue checks, representing five cents and one cent respectively, various concoctions which travel under the common alias of "food."

Lettuce sandwiches consisting of two circular wafers of bread, enclosing one leaf of lettuce, occasionally garnished with a worm or two repose on one portion of a bench-like structure called a counter, from behind whose ramparts are doled out the viands. At another portion are "hot dishes"—that are hot and on a dish, but the contents of which usually are indescribable. Strange as it may seem there is a long line before this counter; all of which bears out the well-known remark made by Barnum.

At the entrance by which the aforementioned group entered is another counter at the head of which stands a smiling woman dressed in white. Before her lies a wire tray full of cones which were manufactured as ice-cream containers. The boys pass their checks to her, and receive in exchange one cone. Beside the woman stand two youths, also in white, armed with scoops. These they dip into an ice cream container and draw them forth supposedly full of ice cream. They transfer the mushy mass into the cornucopia proffered wistfully, perhaps hopefully, and often defiantly by the purchasers. One little lad stung by the repeated injustice cries out aloud, "I'll go and tell Mr.—"

Whereupon he is sometimes rewarded by a full scoop.

Booke Reviews



J.C.H.

THE VANGUARD

By Arnold Bennett

The charming style of Arnold Bennett manifests itself in his new story. The book is written in an easy and simple manner which greatly captivates the attention of the reader and holds it till the end. The story itself is trivial, but even the most trivial things can be the most pleasing. This fantasia pictures the attempts of a bored nobleman to rid himself of his *ennui* but he is unsuccessful until the bold and handsome Harriet Perkins comes to his rescue and points out to him his ailments. The good Septimius Sutherland is enticed by him on board the yacht, *Vanguard*, where he is well treated, although he does not know why he was brought there. The reason becomes apparent as the tale goes on. His affection for the dashing Miss Perkins puts him into and pulls him out of many difficulties as does the Lord Fuaber's regard for her do for him. The lord's character is described in a manner unparalleled by Mr. Bennett hitherto. He fairly outdoes himself in his character portrayals; he delves into the soul and brings to light the trivial reason which causes great entanglements.

His characters are strictly human and act as such under the guidance of the author's humorous pen. So much so do they act, in fact, that the reader lives with them and walks the decks of the *Vanguard* in their company.

* * *

GIANTS IN THE EARTH

By O. E. Rolvaag

As Mark Twain's "Life on the Mississippi" is called an epic of the Mississippi frontier life, so is this book an epic of frontier life in the Dakotas. Here under the pen of Prof. Rolvaag, the Scandinavian settlers make their fight for a home against all the forces of nature. The gentle love of Per Hansa's delicate wife urges him on and gives him courage to do battle with the elements. The steady upright character of the men who blazed the trail westward and withstood all the buffets of fate and the elements are sufficient reason why they succeeded in founding homes and building up a nation on a barren waste where the empty vastness of the prairies hung like a death-pall over the struggling settlers.

The vivid description of the prairies fully impresses upon the reader the fear

which struck at the hearts and vitals of each man. It is so aptly portrayed that the reader can hear the swishing of the grass and the sighing of the wind.

This book was originally written in Norwegian, and this is the first time in the history of American literature in which a book written in America has had to be translated back into English.

* * *

"BISMARCK"

Emil Ludwig

This, I have no hesitation in saying, is the best modern biography I have read. It makes one wonder why the biographers of American political figures make them either plaster saints or besotted cads. Without doing either of these things, Ludwig has produced some six hundred pages of unflinching interest. Incidentally the illustrations (all portraits of Bismarck) are very well selected

and arranged. They start with a tousle-headed youngster of eleven and end with a photo taken shortly before his death. The impression one gains from the book is a very distinct one. Otto Von Bismarck was a true revolutionary, a pagan, and above everything, an aristocrat. He had a profound and possibly justifiable contempt for the common people. (Incidentally it is interesting to note that his mother was a Mencken—H. L. M. seems to share Bismarck's opinion of the six million). The sub-title of the book, "The Story of a Fighter," is an even better description of the "Iron Chancellor." His whole career indicated tremendous pugnaciousness. All in all, Mr. Ludwig makes a very vivid personality of his hero. The book is a most competent and interesting piece of work.

—W. J. C.

Some Brief Reviews

By George F. Frazier

"SHELLEY, HIS LIFE AND WORK"

By Walter Peck

(Houghton, Mifflin Co.)

A great biography of one of literature's misunderstood personages. Mr. Peck's work shows tremendous research, all of which, however, has been well worth the effort. Worthy of your consideration.

* * *

"GALLIONS REACH"

By H. M. Tomlinson

(Harper)

A magnificent sea story reminiscent of Conrad at his best. The language attains genuine beauty. One of the better books of this year, or, for that matter, of any year.

* * *

"SOMETHING ABOUT EVE"

By James Branch Cabell

(McBride)

There is *something*, though very little about Eve, in Mr. Cabell's latest, which falls considerably below "Jurgin" or "The Cream of the Jest." The prose in any of Cabell's stories is far lovelier than can be found in any of the present day authors; and "Something About Eve" is no exception. Cabell enhances this otherwise brilliant piece of craftsmanship by an incalculably subtle satire.

* * *

"MEN WITHOUT WOMEN"

By Ernest Hemingway

(Scribners)

A collection of fourteen short stories by one of our most promising writers. As brutally naturalistic as Dreiser is this Hemingway. As a writer of short stories he is compared with Kipling.

Gang Aft Agley

By Edwin W. Fuller, Jr.

There were just the two of them—Mary and George—not counting Ebby, the cat. Together they had lived on this small farm, Lone Rock as it was known, for thirty-five years. Ever since Mary was a blooming girl just out of her 'teens and George was but twenty-five they had lived happily in their little "Love Nest." George had worked until about five years before, when he had been pensioned by his firm. All the happiness in the world was theirs. "A modern Darby and Joan" their friends called them.

Although they had only enough money to support them, they were really happier than millionaires, because they were rich in their love for one another. Never in all the years they had been married had they quarrelled. That is, never until—but I'm getting ahead of my story.

The Spring Valley Railroad was swiftly leaving the class of "jerk water lines" and was becoming a fairly large railroad. In fact it was the largest independent line in southern Iowa. The president of the corporation, ever eager to augment his road, decided to run a branch line from Davenport to Oskaloosa. The tracks were to run through Lone Rock.

Here it was that Mary and George were involved. The president sent an agent to the farm to see about buying it. George was eager to sell the "old shack" as he termed it, take the money, buy a city home and fly high. He sent away for information about homes in Chicago, until his desk was piled high with replies. Everywhere were letters in which were to be found such phrases as "attractive new house of seven rooms," "sun parlor," "fireplace," "latest improvements," and "oak floors, with mahogany finish." He was unable to

sleep nights, dreaming about his new home.

"We'll have a cute little basket for Ebby, and everything," he told Mary.

He built air castles all day long. Time and again Mary found him drawing house plans.

"Just think how happy we'll be, Mary," he cried in childish glee.

But Mary did not think so. It broke her heart to think of leaving the old farm. She had spent the greater part of her life there and was quite content to live there the rest of her life. Daubing at her eyes with her handkerchief, she sadly went about the farm. She even dug up a "Home Sweet Home" sign from the attic and hung it on the wall in an attempt to persuade George to give up his idea of a home in the big city. But in vain. George's heart was set.

"They've offered me \$22,000 for this place, and we can get a nice home. I've got one in mind, for \$17,000. It's got seven rooms, two baths,"—and he proceeded to recite from memory an advertisement he had received. "And we'll still have five grand left over, Sis. Wow! An' we can get into society and buy a blue ribbon for Ebby and have ev'ry thing we want."

But Mary was still against the proposition. George, however, went ahead with the preparations. He had an agent of the Spring Valley Railroad lines down to draw up terms for the contract and began to make preparations to leave Lone Rock. It seemed as if Mary was going to be defeated, but with womanly tenacity she devised a scheme.

That evening Mary dressed for dinner with extreme care. She had always been particular about her dress, but tonight she was extremely so. Brush-

ing her silvery hair till it shone like moonbeams, she nervously daubed her face with powder, and donned her prettiest frock which she had ordered from the city especially for this occasion. In filmy violet chiffon with high-heeled satin slippers of the same shade, she softly descended the staircase. George was sitting in a big chair before the fire reading "Life in Chicago, the Western Metropolis." He looked up from his book as he heard his wife's footsteps.

"My, how lovely you look, dear," he cried, laying aside his book. Then she began quietly to persuade him not to leave. For a while he was on the verge of relinquishing his plan, but soon, characteristically becoming obdurate, he emphatically said that he was "sick and tired of this place and was going to leave it just as soon as he could."

In vain she pleaded with him. He was set in his ways. Finally, Mary relinquished all hope of remaining at Lone Rock, and tearfully set about preparing to move. George, on the other hand, was happy as a schoolboy on the first day of vacation.

"The contract will soon be here," he told Mary. "All I have to do is to put my John Hancock on the old dotted line, and we're all set."

A few days later George received a long envelope bearing the address:

Mr. George E. Thorne, Esq.,

Lone Rock Farm,

Lone Rock, Iowa.

He stared at the address, then excitedly calling his wife, he pointed to the envelope and shouted.

"It's the contract! It's the contract! Look!"

He nervously fumbled at the envelope to open it. He read:

Dear Sir:—

I have been asked to inform you that the Spring Valley Railroad has reconsidered the purchase of Lone Rock Farm. The directors have decided to run the branch line through another district. Consequently, we are no longer interested in buying your farm. I hope this decision has in no way inconvenienced you.

Yours truly,

Robert Black.

Gen. Mgr., Spring Valley Railroad .

The letter dropped to the floor from numb fingers. George sank dejectedly into a chair. His head fell forward into his hands. A shudder passed through his body.

"What's the matter, dear?" asked Mary.

George absently pointed to the letter with one long, shaking finger. Mary picked it up and read it. As she finished, she laid it on the table, and walked to George. Putting her arm around his shoulders, she whispered in his ear.

"Never mind, dear. You didn't really want to leave here, did you?"

There was a long pause, broken only by a slight sniffing and the purring of Ebby, who seemed to sense the situation. Presently, George raised his head and looked at Mary. Suddenly clasping her in his arms, he smiled and said:

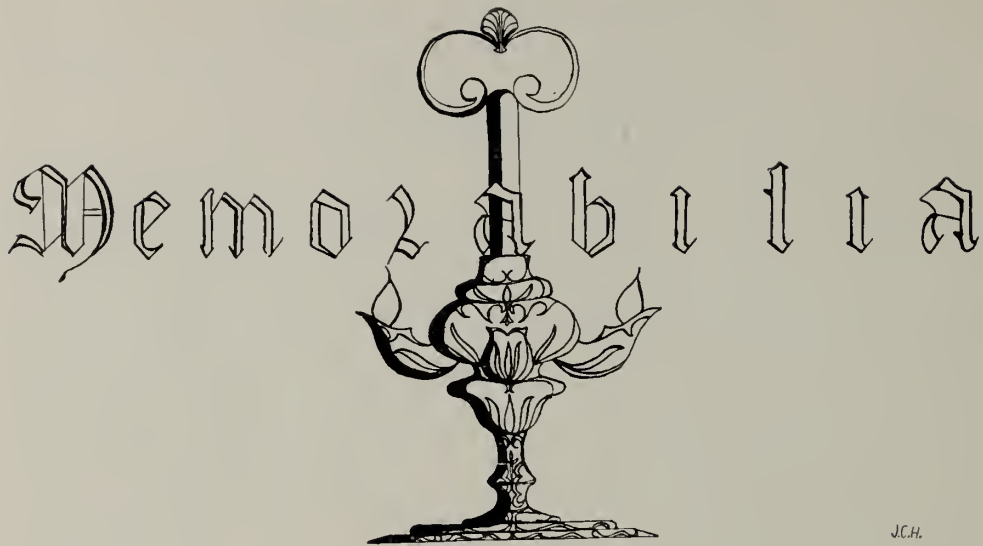
"No, I guess not. We're happy here. Just you and I—and Ebby."

There was another silence.

"Gee! I wouldn't leave here for all the money in the world, Mary."

And Ebby continued to purr happily.





J.C.H.

A letter from Phillips Brooks to the Headmaster of the Latin School.

233 CLARENDON STREET.
BOSTON.

December 23rd 1892.

My dear Sir,

Your note does not tell me at what hour you have your meeting on the 21st of February. If it is at an hour which is possible for me, I shall come meet gladly.

I thank you very much for the invitation & am

Yours faithfully & truly
Phillips Brooks

An Elegy composed upon the death of Ezekiel Cheever, famous headmaster of the Latin School.

The Grammarians Funeral.

O R,

An ELEGY composed upon the Death of Mr. John Woodmancy,
formerly a School-Master in Boston : But now Published upon
the DEATH of the Venerable

Mr. Ezekiel Chevers,

The late and famous School-Master of Boston in New-England ; Who Departed this Life the
Twenty-first of August 1708. Early in the Morning. In the Ninety-fourth Year of his Age.

Eight Parts of Speech this Day wear Mourning Gowns
Declin'd Verbs, Pronouns, Participles, Nouns.
And not declined, Adverbs and Conjunctions,
In Lillies' orch they stand to do their functions.
With Preposition ; but the most affection
Was still observed in the Interjection.
The Substantive seeming the limbed best,
Would set an hand to bear him to his Rest
The Adjective with very grief did say,
Hold me by strength, or I shall faint away.
The Clouds of Tears did over-cast their faces,
Yea all were in most lamentable Cases.
The five Declensions did the Work decline,
And Told the Pronoun Tu, The work is thine :
But in this case those have no call to go
That want the Vocative, and can't say O !
The Pronouns said that if the Nouns were there,
There was no need of them, they might them spare :
But for the sake of Emphasis they would,
In their Discretion do what ere they could.
Great honour was confer'd on Conjugations,
They were to follow next to the Relations.
Amo did love him best, and Doco might
Alledge he was his Glory and Delight.
But Lego said by me he got his skill,
And therefore next the Herse I follow will.
Audio said little, hearing them so hot,
Yet knew by him much Learning he had got.
O Verbs the Active were, Or Passive sure,
Sum to be Neuter could not well endure:
But this was common to them all to Moan
Their load of grief they could not soon Depone.
A doleful Day for Verbs, they look so moody,
They drove Spectators to a Mournful Study.
The Verbs irregular, 'twas thought by some,
Would break no rule, if they were pleas'd to come.
Gaudeo could not be found ; fearing disgrace
He had with-drawn, sent Marco in his Place.
Possum did to the utmost he was able,
And bore as Stout as if he'd been A Table.

Volo was willing, Nolo some-what stout,
But Malo rather chose, not to stand out.
Possum and Volo wish'd all might afford
Their help, but had not an Imperative Word.
Edo from Service would by no means Swerve,
Rather than fail, he thought the Cakes to Serve.
Fio was taken in a fit, and said,
By him a Mournful POEM should be made.
Fero was willing for to bear a part,
Altho' he did it with an aking heart.
Fero excus'd, with grief he was so Torn,
He could not bear, he needed to be born.
Such Nouns and Verbs as we defective find,
No Grammar Rule did their attendance bind.
They were excepted, and exempted hence,
But Supines, all did blame for negligence.
Verbs Offspring, Participles hand-in-hand,
Follow, and by the same direction stand :
The rest Promiscuously did croud and cumber,
Such Multitudes of each, they wanted Number.
Next to the Corps to make th' attendance even,
Jove, Mercury, Apollo came from heaven.
And Virgil, Cato, gods, men, Rivers, Winds,
With Elegies, Tears, Sighs, came in their kinds.
Ovid from Pontus halt's Apparrell'd thus,
In Exile-weeds bringing De Tristibus :
And Homer sure had been among the Rout,
But that the Stories say his Eyes were out.
Queens, Cities, Countries, Islands, Come
All Trees, Birds, Fishes, and each Word in Um.
What Syntax here can you expect to find ?
Where each one bears such discomposed mind.
Figures of Diction and Construction,
Do little : Yet stand sadly looking on.
That such a Train may in their motion chord,
Profodia gives the measure Word for Word.

Sic Maestus Cecinit,

Benj. Tompson.

De Pristina Virtute

By William E. Harrison '28

Against the chronic fault-finders of the present generation, of whom there are altogether too many for the health and safety of society, this essay is directed, in the hope that some of them may, by chance, read it, and having read it and seen its wisdom, depart to ascend the hills and peaks of Common-Sense. Let them cease to dwell on the "ancient virtue." Let them recall that O'Neill is a better playwright than was Clyde Fitch. Let them recall that Gene Tunney is a better pugilist than was John L. Sullivan. Let them admire nothing concerned with the pre—, mid—, or just plain Victorian Age except its Victorianism. Let them take life as they find it, refrain from gratuitous comment, and contentedly carry on.

The wailings of our modern Pharisees for the homely simplicity and quiet pace of the Victorians compels us to seek for a single wail worthy of the name. However tall a Pharisee may be, we can not discern him. Nor is the reason for this our own short-sightedness. We never have difficulty in seeing a real man, so we must wonder what a Pharisee must be.

The "ancient virtue" comes up in some form or other every hour of our being. Suffering from the modern malady of antiquity—phobia, which is, after all, not so modern, we languish in our illness until we are ready to be bored. Bored, we become, after a time, bored with boredom, and so once more become bored. Then, happily, a new fad, like the "Charleston," attracts our attention, and we begin to dance and to dance, until even Terpsichore is alarmed at our increased devotion to her. Soon we stand to be bored again. But the cross-word puzzle comes, and we study lexicons, thesauri of words, synonyms, and phrases, and even ordinary dictionaries (Since the Greeks did not have the fore-

sight or acumen to institute a Muse of Dictionaries, no Muse can be alarmed.) The cross-word puzzles lead us to learn again all the history that we have forgotten, so much so that Clio frowns to see herself so ardently revered. We get bored once more.

Fortunately, we have Lindbergh's achievement as a tonic and we naturally begin to praise "Lindy" more than we have ever praised ourselves. So rolls the cycle of reliefs from boredom. Against every relief, with the possible exception of our Lindbergh enthusiasm, the protests of the fault-finding pristina-virtutists are raised.

"In my time, son," bellows forth one, "the very horses were different from those you now see plodding along the dusty roads. Forgive me, boy, if I sigh for old-time pleasures. You have not a single essayist that can be compared with Macaulay, not an artist with Burne-Jones, not a poet with Tennyson, not a general with Grant, not a statesman with Disraeli, not a novelist with Thackeray, not an orator with Webster, not an inventor with Edison, (the best of whose inventions were made in the last century), not a showman with Barnum, not a scientist with Huxley, not a playwright with Ibsen, not a humorist with Mark Twain, not an educator with Eliot, not a journalist with Dana, not a sculptor with Saint-Gaudens, not a philosopher with William James, not a single actress with Bernhardt—why, you dance-befuddled young fools haven't done anything constructive yet. Not one of you has—"

"Begging your pardon, sir, but we haven't begun yet. At most we are only twenty-seven years old. However, no one may say to what limits we may go. Let it suffice to say, if I may be spokesman for my contemporaries, that the twentieth century will make its

contribution to the cause of which you have constituted yourself director. Good day."

Although we may silence one of these pristina-virtutists, the awful jingle of his "not a single" causes our blood to tingle for some time thereafter.

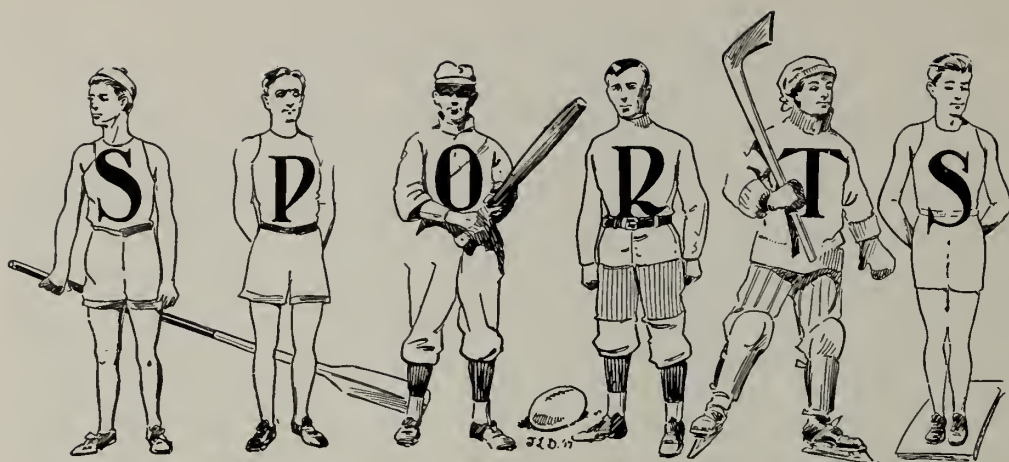
There are pristina-virtutists everywhere. They can be found in all classes and conditions of men. Some would ask you to believe that they have enjoyed better days. Some would tell you that their Alma Mater lost not one game while they were there, and you are to infer that the reason for this was, of course, their presence. Some schoolboys creeping like snails to school, assure you in the old days, a couple of years previous, their report-cards were not decorated profusely and artistically with red marks in Greek, physics, English, and history, but hard times came and they now have to be satisfied with such a card. Some lawyers who have never held briefs, attempt to convince you that once they were as successful, as prominent, at least as notorious as Clarence Darrow and Arthur Garfield Hay, which is true, if we consider the days of obscurity of both.

All the pristina-virtutists forever refer to something indefinite, intangible,— "long ago", "when I was a boy", "once", "formerly", "in the good old days", "before you were born". How long ago? When were you a boy? What day, month, year? When were the "good, old days"? When were you born? To none of these questions will any pristina-virtutist give a satisfactory an-

swer. Time always is considered by him as a negligible quantity. The mere fact that he refuses even to consider Time proves that he is unscientific, illogical, and makes it a matter of considerable difficulty for him to be distinguished from the multitude. Physically, he is all right. Whether he is mentally all right is beyond our ken. Since it is, we leave it to the decision of those better qualified by training and experience to pronounce judgment on mental cases. He would be *persona non grata* in any age; he is especially so in ours. If he could keep his peace and bear in mind that the present transcends the past and that he who continually looks behind fails to see the stone ahead, we might hope to reform him. If a pristina-virtutist were one who can, not *could*, do something, we should have some need of him. As it is, he is a hindrance, instead of an aid to us.

We like to think of a pristina-virtutist as confined in some appropriate place of banishment, a Tophetan grotto, let us suppose, with a dog, a lineal descendant of Cerberus, to guard him and make life miserable for him. He could whisper or shout to Echo about his quondam, ci-devant, pristine freedom. After passing a reasonable period here, he might be thrown into a vat of boiling oil. But the gentleness of our nature forces us to forbear to suggest such treatment for a pristina-virtutist. Instead, we prefer to waste time in the Sanctum, and reflect cynically that now-a-days rolls, not loaves, of bread, are the staves of life.





HOCKEY

LATIN 3—S. B. H. S. 0

On Saturday morning, December 10, the B. L. S. hockey team began its season successfully by decisively defeating South Boston High School, 3 to 0, at the Arena.

Greatly weakened by losses of veteran players, graduated last June, the boys from Broadway found the greater speed and experience of the veteran Latin six too much for them. The first goal of the schoolboy season was shot by Paul McEachern, right wing, midway through the first period of this game. The goal followed a neat pass from Captain George Shine.

In the second period, Knutson and Shine scored, both on high, fast shots from the left lane. This brought the Latin total to three, and there it stayed, despite Red Hunt's most determined efforts to increase it.

The game was played entirely on South Boston's ice, and if we do say so, their goalie, Grigalous, did a good job in keeping the score low. Jerry Moore, our goalie, had only 3 stops to make during the game.

Coach Cleary this year has a team composed entirely of veterans, and one which was at once recognized as a strong favorite for the championship. Capable substitutes are not lacking. Instead of

single replacements, the entire second team is sent into the game and the first is removed. Thus at all times the highest possible speed is maintained, and fresh men are always available.

Latin

S. B. H. S.

Shine, (Talbot, Ray), lw

rw, (O'Brien), McKenna

Tracy, (Campana), c c, Burns

McEachern, (Crimlisk), rw lw, Kelley

Hunt, (Doyle, Murphy), ld

rd, (O'Brien), Garrity

Knutson, (Chase), rd ld, Farry

Moore, g g, Grigalous

Scores: McEachern, Shine, Knutson.
Referee: Lynch. Time: 2 15-minute periods.

* * *

LATIN 1—BRIGHTON 0

On the following Saturday the Latin School team played Brighton. The latter were expected to have a strong club, and they proved it. Latin just won out by 1 to 0. The goal was the result of a pass from McEachern to Shine, in the first period.

Both goalies made some great stops during the game. It was Taylor's work in the Brighton net that saved a larger score. Our forward line had many opportunities to score further, but they missed most chances.

The game was very fast throughout the most enjoyable of the five games



THE LATIN SCHOOL HOCKEY TEAM

Rear row, left to right—Knutson, Campana, Talbot, Chase, Doyle.
Front row—Hunt, McEachern, Shine (Captain), Tracy, Moore.
(Reprinted by courtesy of the *Boston Evening Transcript*.)

played. Clancy and Kenely did the best work for Brighton.

Latin *Brighton*
Shine, (Talbot, Ray), lw
rw, (Loring), Clancy
Tracy, (Campana), c
c, (Shea), Kenely
McEachern, (Crimlisk), rw
lw, (Thornell), Ryan
Hunt, (Doyle, Murphy), ld
rd, (Bowen), Ryder
Knutson, (Chase), rd
ld, (Jundzil), Halpern
Moore, g g, Taylor
Goal: Shine. Referee: Noonan. Time:
2 15-minute periods.

* * *

LATIN 5—CHARLESTOWN 2

This game for a while gave us the worst scare we had experienced, and had the Arena in an uproar. Charlestown, expected to be mere set-ups for us, scored first in this game, on Jerry Moore. This was the first goal scored on Jerry. A few minutes later, Shine scored on a rebound. Tracy then scored and the period ended with Latin in the lead, 2 to 1.

The Charlestown team was much stronger than supposed, and to the vociferous approval of the whole Arena, Larsen tied the score as the second period opened. Our first team was then taken out for a rest, and about five minutes later they went back and to settle the whole dispute permanently, scored three more goals. Thus the game ended, 5 to 2.

Latin *Charlestown*
Shine, (Talbot, Ray), lw
rw, (Carver), Bouzman
Tracy, (Campana), c c, Larsen
McEachern, (Crimlisk), rw
lw, (Collins), Lawson
Knutson, (Chase), rd
ld, (Manger), Kolosky
Hunt, (Doyle, Murphy), ld
ld, (Zoernan), Sivoti
Moore, g g, Linsky
Scores: Shine, McEachern, Tracy 3,

Larsen, Kolosky. Referee: Lynch. Time 2 15-minute periods.

ALUMNI 2—LATIN 0

On New Year's Day we were beaten by the illustrious Alumni, 2 to 0. This was our first defeat of the season. But the game was by no means a walk-away for the grads, for they were hard pressed throughout. Their array of former stars was in the end too much for us, though, and they scored once in each period. McGrath and Govan were the traitors.

Latin *Alumni*
Shine, (Talbot, Ray), lw
rw, McGuinness, (Nordberg), Govan
Tracy, (Campana), c
c, (Sliney), McGrath
McEachern, (Crimlisk), rw
rw, (Barry), Donaghy
Hunt, (Doyle, Murphy), ld
rd, (Faxon), Neal
Knutson, (Chase), rd ld, Garrity
Moore, g g, Grandfield
Scores: Govan, McGrath. Referee:
Moriarty. Time: 2 15-minute periods.



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Would that history were as we wish
it were—in a history test!

* * *

The principal parts of pillo, bugo,
marko, and pigo, must be known. They
are as follows:

Pillo, pillere, sleepi, snorum.
Bugo, bugere, ichi, scrachum.
Pigo, pigere, squeali, gruntum.
Marko, censure, suspensi, bouncus.

* * *

"Darling, I will love you perpetually,
eternally, ceaselessly, everlastingly."

"Yes, but how long will you love me?"

* * *

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A man of power.
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And died at 85
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* * *

Visitor (looking at statue): "Helen
of Troy?"

Guide: "No, plaster of Paris."

* * *

"What are you taking at college?"

"Everything not nailed down."

Ellen sought Mildred's advice: Harry
was a doctor and Fred was a minister
and each wanted to marry her.

"Well," said Mildred, "you must
decide; however, remember Harry will
make you well for nothing, and Fred
will make you good for nothing."

* * *

First Girl: "I like a man with a past;
he is always interesting."

Second: "I like a man with a future;
he is more interesting."

Third: "I like a man with a present,
and the more expensive the present, the
more interest I take in it."

* * *

"I don't see you driving to business
any more, Mr. Hall. Are you walking
to reduce?"

"No, I'm reduced to walking. I have
had my license taken away for reckless
driving."

* * *

Algernon: "If you are a thought
reader, why do you read my hand in-
stead of my mind?"

Mme. Crystal: "It's so much easier.
I can see at once that you have a hand."

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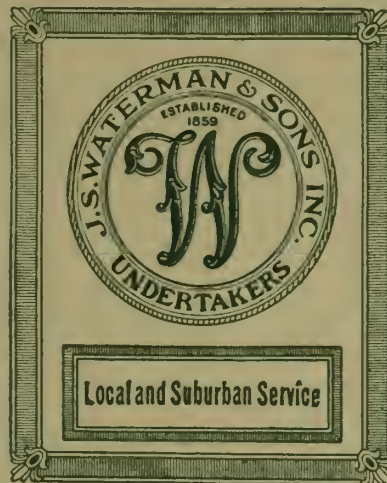
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